

Wangelin, Alaska



# Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VRANGEL.....ALASKA.

The "perfect figure for 1903." Now what would Praxiteles think of that?

Four years in jail ought to break Rev. J. F. Cordova of the eloping habit.

Several "get-rich-quick" men have flown. They borrowed the flight idea from the wings of their victims' riches.

Rotund elderly women with "hour-glass" aspirations may need a small dose of chloroform when the pinch comes.

Two-thirds of the male population of the world, it is estimated, use tobacco, or rather what they fondly believe is tobacco.

Raisuli, the bandit who gave us so much trouble once, has been appointed governor. Now he will hunt himself to "legitimate" graft.

Pearry's north pole vessel is equipped with engines and screws and wings, and to be complete for land service it lacks only rollers and skates.

They do say that Santo Domingo means "Holy Sabbath." The President's name is Morales. The people who name things down there carry a joke too far.

A brew from violet leaves is said to have cured cancer in London. It wouldn't be a surprise some day soon to see cancer cure put up in tablets at 10 cents a box.

If the existing portraits and statues of Mother Eve may be regarded as even approximately accurate the poor woman's waist must have been frightfully out of fashion.

The baby czarvitch has been weaned, and it was considered a great event in Russia. It would be a greater if the grand dukes were pried loose from the nation's treasury.

The woman who can make good butter, darn socks to a frazzle, cook a meal that tickles her husband clear to the waistband and keep the children's neck and ears clean seldom figures in a divorce case.

"English taught as far as the letter G." From this advertisement in a native paper of one of many "Anglo-Chinese schools," recently established in different parts of the empire, it is evident that the educational awakening of China is making great progress.

Mr. Rockefeller's salary as president of the Standard Oil Company is only \$20,000 a year. There is no reason, however, to believe that Mrs. Rockefeller will be compelled to get along with less than two girls as long as her husband is able to keep on carrying his side lines.

English is the international language. The negotiations between the Russians and Japanese for the surrender of Port Arthur were conducted, not in French, but in English. The Japanese generals who took part and their associates talk English, and one of them Russian. On the Russian side they brought a young midshipman who had to act as interpreter, because the English of the officers was imperfect. In Russia and Turkey the officials still prefer to use French, but the rest of the world, in the east as well as the west, turns to English.

When they come to distribute medals for bravery, the assistant janitor of one of the New York public schools should not be overlooked. A little boy playing near an open manhole fell into the sewer and was carried some forty feet by the current, which finally wedged him into a corner. Robert Cook, assistant janitor of public school No. 186, went down in the manhole, crawled through the sewer and rescued the boy. That act took far more real courage than did hundreds of the more theatrical but less trying lifesaving ventures for which medals have been awarded.

The tendency toward higher prices, even for education, is illustrated again by the announcement that Vassar college has raised its rates. Since 1893 a girl's absolutely necessary expenses at Vassar have been \$400 a year. Now they go up to \$500. Institutions of learning, like enterprises of any other sort, can not live beyond their incomes for very long at a time. Since their running expenses are more than they used to be, and since they must be constantly extending their courses and improving their facilities, they must get more money from somewhere. The unfortunate feature of the situation is that increased tuition charges make it very hard for young men and women in moderate circumstances to pay the market price for their education. The advance in rates makes it all the more important to bestow scholarships with a liberal hand. No college that turns away a student because he is poor is fulfilling its mission.

Have you tried the water fad yet? No? Well, you are behind the times, and, in these days, to be behind the times, whether it is a matter of automobiles or a belief in the existence of ghosts, is to be out of the world. Somebody, with a pain, drinks hot water, or cold water, or goes barefooted, or sleeps with a window open, and presto,

and also hurroo! the world has a new cure-all, and we are to live a thousand years and then some. That is what a fad amounts to. A woman in New York consumed large quantities of water and lost flesh. She had it to lose. Now New York women are drinking their little two quarts of Croton per diem—some to get thin, others for the complexion, and still others because it is fashionable. When they meet they discuss water, and it is to be believed that their dreams are soothed by the sounds of rippling brooks. In Pittsburgh the ladies of fashion have taken to cold water in quantities for the purpose of taking on flesh. It is a sure thing. You drink water, lots of it, and a scrawny figure, dependent on the ladies' tailor for anything like presentability, becomes as graceful as a sylph—whatever a sylph is. Like all fads, it will pass on. It can never be popular with the rich, as it costs nothing. Think of curing one's self without being able to boast of the tremendous cost! Some day the world—and that includes the fashionable world—is going to learn that plain living, cold water when you are thirsty, and just average saneness in the daily life will furnish all the health, beauty and years of life that humanity needs or is entitled to. When that time comes there will be no fads.

The court martial sentence dismissing Midshipman Arrowood of North Carolina from the service has been approved by the President. The dismissal is for desertion. About a year after graduation, while on duty on the Kearsarge, the midshipman tendered his resignation, which was not accepted. When a boy enters the naval academy he binds himself to serve in the navy for eight years unless sooner discharged by competent authority. The Navy Department decided to hold Arrowood to his agreement. A young man who has been educated and supported by the government ought to do something to cancel the debt, especially at a time when there is a lack of officers. Young Arrowood would not. As his resignation was not accepted he took French leave. One excuse for desertion was that every regulation made for his protection had been broken. If so there were other means of redress at hand than those he adopted. The other excuse was the alleged "immoral atmosphere" of the navy. As soon as Arrowood was on shore he got a place as clerk in a Wall street broker's office, thus taking refuge in what many consider an extremely "immoral atmosphere." Dismissal from a service that he wishes to get out of may not seem severe to Arrowood. He may be delighted to be "set free from daily contact with the things I loathed." The sentence is not a mild one. The law reads that "every person who deserts from the naval service of the United States is deemed to have relinquished and forfeited his rights of citizenship." Such deserters shall be forever incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under the United States or of exercising any rights of citizen thereof." The common seaman who has been branded as a deserter may not care much. His obscurity protects him. It is otherwise with the officer who is a deserter. The mark which has been put on him cannot be effaced. The day may come when he will claim the protection of his country's flag, but he will be known and it will be denied him. Mr. Arrowood will be a fortunate man if he is able to go through life without regretting that he has made himself a man without a country.

## FATHER HAS AN AWAKENING.

Finds the Ways of To-day Are Not Those of Forty Years Ago.

Unlike the man who shirks all responsibility in shaping his son's career, there is occasionally one who causes just as much trouble by an overdose of parental interest. A case in point is of a successful business man, who made a large fortune in a well-established business, which he hoped his son would take up at the proper age.

In the meantime the son was sent to college, where he became much attached to the profession he had elected to study. But after his graduation the son, much against his inclination, was persuaded to enter his father's business. The elder man had worked up from a poor boy and believed that young married people should exercise something like the rigid economy that had started his fortunes forty years ago.

The son married a young woman who knew nothing of work and didn't want to learn and they set up a modest home with one servant. This was too much for the father, who remonstrated with them for their extravagance. He said that they were beginning wrong and by way of teaching them to get along on a small amount of money he reduced his son's salary to a sum that would not allow the luxury of a servant.

The son said nothing, but not long after that the father found a note on his desk in which he said that he had accepted a position in his profession that would enable him to live the way he wished to and that he had moved bag and baggage to a city in the East. The elder man realized that the methods of forty years ago are not those of to-day. But it was too late.—Detroit Free Press.

A Bad One, Indeed.

Miss Ascum—What do you consider his greatest fault, then?

Mr. Belting—His claim that he hasn't any.—Philadelphia Press.

Probably one reason the mother of the family has fewer aches than any other member is that she has less time to think about them.

# WOMEN AND FASHION

**Motherhood.**

You say that motherhood is blessed above all other blessings. I am a mother who has felt the baby lips' caressings; You say the mother's duty is the highest duty known. I am a mother from whose arms the nestlings all have flown; You say within the mother's hand the country's honors rest. I am a mother whose brave sons the bloody field have pressed; You say that God, whose goodness notes the tiny sparrow's fall, Will keep from harm the mother's child who on His name shall call; I am a mother who through life in humbleness have sought To follow Him who for our sins unto the cross was brought. And I have seen my children pale and drop and die for bread; I've seen the stonions of adverse fate sweep darkly round a head Whose clinging curls in babyhood the brightest sunlight shamed. Shut out from all the world of good, by Christians scorned and blamed, I know what means that motherhood you turn aside to praise— Its hopes, its fears, its cares, its pains, the parting of its ways. Ah, God! to sit white-haired and weak in poverty, alone, Keep silent, ye who cannot know what mother hearts have known. —Charles Eugene Banks.

**How to Shirr by Machine.**

With shirring occupying so important a position as it does at present on dresses and blouses and clothes of every

richly trimmed with incrustations and embroidery.

Thirty cents a yard is the price of a lovely flowered silk organdy that looks a lot more expensive.

A pretty girle of ecru kid buttons up the front with amethysts and has two little flap pockets fastening with the same jewels.

Black mother-of-pearl is coming into favor. A white pearl set in black pearl and bound in gold is a dainty novelty in studs and buttons.

Marabou is to be very popular in the spring and summer. It is so light and feathery and may be had in all the ruling colors, grave and gay.

Very smart is a coat of soft gloria in changing green, trimmed with glossy black braid, black quilled ribbon and embroidered blue forget-me-nots.

Have you noticed that the up-to-date parasol is taking to itself a flat top and stumpy handle wholly characteristic of the Japanese sunshade?

Syza gaza is the name of a new so-called silk which for coarseness of weave and looseness of mesh looks much like magnified potato sacking.

**Tape the Corners of Sheets.**

Very often sheets and tablecloths are returned from the wash with torn corners, the result of their being pegged on the line by the corners when hung out to dry. It is wiser when hanging up such articles to throw them well over the line, and to peg on to the

lon devotee, is not doing her duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call her. Being busy is no excuse. The very bee loiters sometimes in the honey cup of some flower to preen his velvet suit and adjust the gauze of his wings.



**Attractive Skirt.**

Skirt of white abis taffeta with tucks at top and three flounces of Val lace; above each is a tucked band of the silk bordered with narrow ruffle of same.

**The Way to Rest.**

Few women know how to rest as they should. They think that they must undress and go to bed to be thoroughly comfortable. This is a mistake.

## SPRING STYLES FOR MAIDS AND YOUTHS



ery description, a way to do it by machine is worth knowing. Of course it will never take the place of hand work—nothing could. But at least it is a fairly good substitute for many things. Girdles (and so many of them require row after row of shirring) and even dress yokes and cuffs are especially good done on the machine.

It is all a trick of the tension. Loosen the lower tension, leaving the upper tight, and stitch your rows exactly as if you were doing plain stitching. When it is all stitched pull the loose threads underneath, drawing the material up until it is as full as you want it.

Then fasten both ends of your threads, and your shirring is done, only about ten minutes having been needed instead of an hour or two.

But don't try it on delicate stuff—the stitching is sure to show.

double material, but as laundresses are very often apparently averse to doing this, much darning of torn corners is saved by taping them. The tape is laid on flat and hemmed down for two or three inches each side of the corner.



This picture shows a plaited coat of beige faille with capes below a yoke and collar of satin same shade covered with a lattice of velvet ribbon two shades darker. Each alternate cape is latticed with the ribbon, and the two lower ones form the sleeves.

**Study of Your Appearance.**

The girl or woman who does not make some little study of her appearance or who neglects the little niceties of dress, even though she is no fashion devotee, is not doing her duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call her. Being busy is no excuse. The very bee loiters sometimes in the honey cup of some flower to preen his velvet suit and adjust the gauze of his wings.

provided there is a tabouret or little footstool in the room on which the feet may rest while the other part of the body is supported by a chair. You can read and rest comfortably in this fashion; and let it be whispered here, between ourselves, that if we want to gain the maximum of rest in a minimum of time, we should copy that elegant but healthful trick of the masculine drones, and put our feet occasionally higher than our heads. Fashionable women, to whom the necessity of never showing fatigue and of ever looking their best has taught this knack, fall into this posture whenever they are in the seclusion of their own apartment.

**Health and Beauty Hints.**

It is said that thin silk stockings, if worn under the ordinary cotton stockings, will prevent chilblains as well as keep the feet warm.

A small teaspoonful of pulverized borax or a teaspoonful of ammonia in a washbowl of tepid water makes a good cleaning bath for the sick.

A simple remedy for hoarseness and tickling in the throat is made of the white of an egg beaten to a froth in half a glassful of warm, sweetened water.

People would never get spongy gums if they made it a rule to rinse the mouth daily with some innocent antiseptic. Common table salt dissolved in water will serve.

A solution made with a teaspoonful of boric acid to a pint of distilled water may be dropped into the outer corner of the eye morning and evening, with a dropper. This solution is cooling and keeps the eyes clear and bright.

It pays to advertise in this paper.

## IT'S UP TO YOU, MY SON.

There are two trails in life, my boy: One leads to height of fame, To honor, glory, peace, and joy, And one to depths of shame; And you can reach that glorious height— Its honors can be won— Or you can grope in shame's dark night— It's up to you, my son.

One trail is strewn with labor's flowers, With sharp thorns here and there; One leads through wicked pleasure bow-ers.

That to the eye are fair, One trail ascends, and day by day You climb—you cannot run— And one is down hill all the way— It's up to you, my son.

Stern duty guards the upper trail— Exact obedience, too— And he who treads it cannot fail To win, if he be true; But fickle folly, gay with smiles, Rules over the other one And leads to ruin with her wiles— It's up to you, my son.

At the end of one long trail you'll find That all the tears and moans And galling cares you left behind Were needed stepping stones; And at the other's end you'll see Your pleasures, one by one, But led you on to misery— It's up to you, my son.

At partings of the trails you stand, At early manhood's gate: Your future lies in your own hand— Will it be low or great? If now you choose the trail of Right, When you the height have won You'll look in Honor's fadeless light— It's up to you, my son. —Denver Post.

## FOR INJURIES RECEIVED.

I AM so sorry," said the girl. "Don't mention it," responded Stafford.

"Are you badly hurt? Can you stand up?"

Stafford made an effort to rise. It was curious. There was no particular pain, but so far as any usefulness or sense of feeling went, he might as well have had no legs at all.

"I don't believe I can," he said. "It's awkward, isn't it? Did you run clear over me?"

"Oh, dear, I don't know. It was the snow, and I was in a hurry. I didn't even know that you were in the road at all until the machine hit you and jumped. It might have gone over you. Just think if I had killed you!"

Stafford looked up at her with contented, speculative interest. He was bareheaded. His hat lay about 100 feet down the road, at least what there was left of it. There did not seem to



"ARE YOU BADLY HURT?"

be much snow on his hair. He wondered if she had been holding his head in her lap.

"Don't think of it. It isn't pleasant. Anyway, it would have been my own fault if I had been. I was trespassing."

"Yes, that's just it," cried the girl, eagerly. "You know these are private grounds, and I never thought for a moment that there could be any one on the road. How did you get past the gates?"

"I didn't get past," replied Stafford, calmly. "The person with the dog who guards the gates informed me that I couldn't get past, so I concluded not to argue with him. I walked down the highway, a mile or so, and climbed over the stone wall."

"It's such a high wall."

Stafford laughed. Some vagrant lines recurred to him from the Capulet orchard, lines about love's light wings and high walls.

"I didn't exactly climb over it. I tried the nearest tree and dropped over. It was very simple."

"Oh!" She looked down at him in a puzzled fashion. He hardly appeared to belong to the tramp genus, but his methods were decidedly tramp-like. "Did you want to see any one up at the house?"

"Well, I did," Stafford confessed cheerfully. "But they wouldn't let me in, so I was going back by way of the gates this time."

The girl laughed, a trifle nervously, and drew on her gloves.

"They'll have to let you in this time, because I mean to take you back with me. Lift the gentleman in, please, Andrew."

Stafford managed to suggest something about going to the hotel at Unlounport—he would be all right there—he could wire to New York—when the chauffeur raised him, and with the rush of sudden agonizing pain there

came a clipping back into silence and darkness.

The silence remained when he found light again. It was very still. He looked lazily up at the yellow-tinted walls, at the window next his bed. There were yellow curtains at it, and on the window sill was a jar filled with blossoming daffodils. They looked pretty in the sunshine. Stafford was so engrossed in watching them that he did not notice the girl standing at the half-opened door until the nurse had left the room, and she came to the front of the bed and smiled down at him.

"Was it yesterday?" asked Stafford. She laughed.

"You have been bad, haven't you? It was day before, day before, day before yesterday. Last Tuesday."

Stafford stared steadily up at her. Last Tuesday! And he should have turned in the interview by Wednesday, so Curtis could hustle the illustrations. "Did you wire to New York?"

"We couldn't. We didn't know where to wire. You're the Prince In-cog, you know. We don't know a blessed thing about you, who you are or where you came from. It's very interesting."

"So it is," assented Stafford seriously. "May I ask if Mr. Houghton has seen me?"

"Oh, yes. He came up the very first thing, and he thought you were all right. We didn't want a Raffles, you know. One must draw the line somewhere. But papa said you were all right, so we kept you. Otherwise he would have sent you to a hospital and settled the damages with you later. As it is, you are here, and have daffodils, and—"

"No damages."

She laughed at him again. "Oh, you might even collect damages, in spite of the daffodils. What shall I tell papa you want?"

"Tell him I want an interview," said Stafford, grimly. "And say, will you please give me the pad and pencil in the inside pocket of my overcoat—no, the other side—thanks—before he comes up?"

When Houghton entered he gave the occupant of the bed a quick, direct look. The girl was behind him. Stafford punched another pillow back of his head and tried to sit up.

"Keep still," said Houghton. "Grace will take your notes for you. Is this what you came after?"

"Yes. From the 'Record-News,' New York." Stafford fumbled weakly to get his old grip on the pencil. "We want your view on the strike situation. The elevated men went out Monday, and the subway followed them Tuesday morning. If the surface men go out it will tie up the whole town. Bixby heads the committee of arbitration, but they say you are back of him and won't arbitrate."

Houghton opened his mouth to speak and shut it again, as he looked down at the white, dogged young face on the pillows. When he left the room half an hour later Stafford held eleven pages of notes the girl had taken down for him. It was the broadest interview old Houghton had ever given out to any newspaper. Stafford smiled lazily at the daffodils and thought first of what Curtis would say, and second, of how the sunlight had danced and flickered around a certain girl's blonde head, as she sat by the window taking notes.

It was six weeks before he left Brakesmere. He had not noticed the time. It had been February when he had dropped over the stone wall. It was April before he wired the Record-News he would be back at work Monday.

Houghton went himself to the station with him. The two men had passed many a comradely ten minutes together during Stafford's convalescence, and it made things a little easier for Stafford, as he told of Grace and the promise he held from her.

"It's all right, Tom," said Houghton. "Nothing to say at all. I've got six of them married, and they've married everything from a broker to a duke. I am inclined to compliment Grace on her choice. You ought to see the rest of them, especially the duke. He's taxing me for damages yet. But about that interview, you left out one important feature. You wanted my views on the strike situation, didn't you, and you thought I was holding Bixby back on the arbitration?"

"Well, weren't you?" demanded Stafford.

"My boy, that strike was arbitrated and settled and called off the night Grace ran you down with her auto. But you can hold up your head in town all the same. That was the only interview I gave out, and it clinched Bixby's stand. So I guess your damages are about settled, eh?"

Stafford smiled, but he was thinking of a girl standing among the daffodils in the garden, her face upraised to his. "Settled in full, for injuries received," he said.—Indianapolis Sun.

## Liquid Metal Polish.

Take eight ounces of Spanish whiting, which must be perfectly free from grit, and put in one quart of gasoline. Shake up the whiting and gasoline thoroughly. You will notice the whiting settles immediately, leaving the liquid as clear as water. To remedy this and, further, to make it a better polish agent, add to each quart of the mixture thirty-two drops of oleic acid—no more, no less. Shake again, and the whiting will not settle. Apply to gold, silver, nickel, brass, glass or any kind of metallic surface with a piece of cotton flannel, rubbing well. Polish with a piece of same cloth.—Blacksmith and Wheelwright.

No, Alonso, it isn't proper to ask a girl for a kiss until after you have taken it.



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THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1905.

Alaskans certainly appreciate the kindly interest shown in their behalf by congressman Tawney. But the SENTINEL hopes to see him decide correctly between an elective and appointive delegate in congress from the district. Aside from governor Brady and a very few followers the people of Southeastern Alaska believe that we should have a delegate, and they are a unit on the proposition of letting the people elect a man of their own choice—an Alaskan; a man who knows the wants and needs of the rapidly growing and developing section. Already the people have had quite enough of appointive district officials thrust upon them. If the appointments could be made through the suggestions of Alaskans (in part at least) it might be more satisfactory; but they are becoming afflicted tired of having a sect in New York, through a powerful lobby in Washington, dictate as to who shall or who shall not preside over the destinies of Alaska. The people all respect religion; but they have concluded that Church and State should be separated in Alaska as well as in other parts of this broad land. Give us a delegate; but at the same time give us liberty, and gain the respect and commendation of a crank-ridden people.

Speaker Cannon is right when he says that "If Alaska is to have delegates on the floor of congress, there should be three—one from Southeastern Alaska, one from Nome and one from Valdez. It, of course, would be impossible for a delegate from Southeast Alaska to represent that section of the district north of the peninsula, including Nome; quite as much as it would be impossible for a man from Alabama to represent North Dakota." That has been the claim of the SENTINEL from the first. Alaska covers a large scope of territory, and the interests of the southeastern and the western portions are so widely at variance, that for any one man to represent the whole territory impartially and satisfactorily, is absurd talk. If congress would do her duty by Alaska, she would divide the territory at Mt. St. Elias and Unalakleet for representative purposes; and with good, active delegates in congress, elected by the people, it would not be long until the country would be convinced that the people of this region are quite as capable of self-government as numerous of the states now forming the Union.

## AS THEY SAW US.

Somewhat fatigued by the exertions of the trip, says the P. I. of the 17th, but nevertheless enthusiastic over both the knowledge and pleasure which it afforded them, the congressional committee on industrial arts and exposition, which sailed for Alaska on the Cottage City Monday evening, June 5th, reached this port last night, after eleven days of sightseeing and receptions. Aside from a slight rain-fall on two different days during the trip, not one thing intervened to mar the pleasure and objects of the trip, and if any of the Eastern delegation went North with any remnant of the belief that Secretary of State Seward purchased an iceberg from Russia, the suspicion had been dissipated before the Cottage City had plowed her nose through many miles of Alaskan waters. Senator Piles, who accompanied the delegation North, and through whose suggestion the excursion was planned jointly by this city and Tacoma, summed up the situation in these words: "If every congressman and senator who has been importuned to give Alaska its due was able to visit that territory as this delegation has done, the country would no longer need representation at Washington City to urge her pressing needs." Senator Piles based his statement wholly upon the conclusions which he drew from the public utterances of members of the delegation as they spoke from time to time on the occasion



of receptions and meetings held in the Southeastern Alaska cities visited.

As to the opinion of the visiting congressmen on the needs of representation in congress for the territory, members of the home delegation and others on the vessel who heard the Eastern congressmen declare themselves, no longer doubt but that a majority of the delegation, when it returns to Washington City, will furnish the heaven which will raise the whole loaf. "In all the utterances which I heard various members of the delegation make," continued Senator Piles, "not one gave an intimation which could be construed as meaning anything else than that Alaska's appeal for representation in congress was not only worthy of heed but that it should be promptly granted. The only question on which those members of the delegation who declared themselves publicly, differed, was whether the representation should be appointive or elective."

Congressman Tawney, in an address at Sitka, stated that he believed the territory entitled to a delegate, whether appointive or elective he had not yet made up his mind. He was inclined to the belief that probably the territory would benefit more by the appointment of a good business man than by an election held in the ordinary way.

Congressman Bartlett, of Georgia, repeatedly declared himself in favor of an elective delegate.

Senator Piles himself favors an elective delegate, for he is convinced that this is what the people want. Congressman Tawney expressed himself as now convinced that hereafter when Alaska is mentioned in the national law-making body at least those members who went on this excursion will refrain from turning up their coat collars and shivering. The delegation now realizes, Mr. Tawney believes, why the men who have importuned congress for a few of the things which they consider necessary to the territory's welfare, are so earnest in their representations. The size, prosperity and substantial character of the Southeastern Alaska cities, all testify, impressed the excursionists in a manner calculated to at least compel them to reflect upon the resources of a country responsible for such places.



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WRANGELL.  
ALASKA.

750 miles from Seattle. Population 800. Delightful climate both winter and summer. 30,000 per day saw mill; electric lights; 11 stores; fine schools; good churches. The town of Wrangell is at the mouth of the Stikine River. Boats leave here for Telegraph Creek; also for West Coast Prince of Wales points.

This from the Juneau Transcript is but another evidence of the honesty of the old court gang, that was badly abused until removed: "The trial in the district court this week of the case, Valentine vs. Hills brought out the fact that Mr. Hills never filed any bond here as clerk of the U. S. district court. When Judge Gunnison decided that Mr. Valentine's attorney should have brought his suit for the recovery of the \$500, against Hills as clerk of the court, instead of making him personally the defendant, Mr. Cobb was rather pleased, for while it necessitated commencing the suit over again it gave him an opportunity to get at Hill's bondsmen. But lo, and behold, no bond was ever filed in the clerk's office, as the law requires. This caused His Honor to bite his lip a little, for the bond of every other district clerk is found to be on file, and Clerk Page was never sworn in until his bond was placed on file here.

The Peat industry has started. Now for a Paper Pulp Mill.

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OF ST. LOUIS is the  
BEST HOME NEWSPAPER.

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is recognized as the BEST HOME NEWSPAPER. Read regularly by more than half a million persons twice every week, and firmly established as a welcome visitor to the homes of its great multitude of subscribers by a reputation founded in the progress of almost an entire century, it is at once the oldest and most complete weekly newspaper published in the vast territory through which it circulates.

The Twice-a-Week Republic contains ALL the news of the world, and is consequently the mirror that reflects the doings of the world at large. The price of this great paper is \$1 per year; but as long evenings are coming on, as an inducement to give our subscribers all the news, cheap, to all who will pay their subscriptions one year in advance we will send the SENTINEL and Twice-a-Week Republic for \$2 per year—the price of the SENTINEL alone. Don't miss this opportunity of getting your reading for the winter.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19, 1905. Sealed Proposals for the construction of a building at Wrangell, Alaska, for the use of the U. S. Forest Service, will be received at the Department until 2 o'clock P. M., Saturday, June 10, 1905, and will be opened immediately thereafter, in the presence of such bidders as may desire to attend. Blank forms of proposal, embracing specifications, may be obtained on application to the District Engineer at Wrangell, Alaska, or to the Commissioner of Education, where drawings showing details may be inspected. Plans and specifications may also be seen and obtained from Fred, William A. Kelly, at Sitka, Alaska; at Juneau and Douglas from Livingston F. Jones, of Juneau; and from the respective U. S. Commissioners at Ketchikan, Wrangell, Skagway, Seward, and Valdez, Alaska. May 20. E. A. HITCHCOCK, Secretary.

## Wrangell Drug Co

Has on Sale—  
1905 Calendars  
At 10c and 15c., worth 50c.

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Coffee and Pie 15c.

## Best Bread and Pastry

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General Hardware,

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## Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry and Game,

Wholesale and Retail. Shipping Supplied at Lowest Rates.

JUST WEIGHT AND FAIR DEALING shall be my motto.

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tify to its merits on every occa-

sion.

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Choicest Lines of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Best Treatment to Everybody.

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Attorney-at-Law,

Juneau, Alaska.

Job Printing

At the Sentinel Office

Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Etc., a specialty



# Wrangell Celebrates

*July 4, 1905.*

*The Old Liberty Bell Still  
Rings,*

**And Wrangell's Patriotic Spirit is  
still Alive.**



## PROGRAMME.

### Morning:--10:30 O'Clock.

Singing "America," by audience, led by children.  
Prayer, by Mr. J. S. Clark.  
Song, "Red, White and Blue," by the Children.  
Reading Declaration of Independence, A. V. R. Snyder.  
Singing Patriotic Air, by the children.  
Oration, by Rev. Harry P. Corser.  
Singing, and dismissal for Dinner.

### Afternoon--Sports Begin at 2 O'Clock.

	1st Prize.	2d Prize.	3d Prize
Race for boys under 15 years.....	\$2 00	\$1 00	\$ 50
Race for boys under 10 years.....	2 00	1 00	50
Race for girls under 15 years.....	2 00	1 00	50
Race for girls under 10 years.....	2 00	1 00	50
Obstacle race for boys under 15 years.....	2 00	1 00	50
Mile Race, open to all.....	3 00	2 50	
Sack race for boys.....	2 00	1 00	50
Old Mens' Race.....	3 00		
Hundred yard dash, open to all.....	3 00	2 00	
Pie Eating contest for boys.....	1 50	1 00	50
Running broad jump for boys.....	2 00	1 00	
Pole vault for boys.....	2 00	1 00	
Running broad jump for men.....	3 00	2 00	
Running high jump for men.....	3 00	2 00	
Pole vault for men.....	3 00	2 00	
Potatoe Race.....	1 50	1 00	50
Shoe Tying contest.....	1 50	1 00	50
Boat Race.....	7 00	3 00	

**Owing to danger of Fire, there must be no shooting  
of any kind of fireworks except on the extreme water  
front.**

Bennett Brown, of Kansas City, Mo., wants to learn the whereabouts of his son William, who came to Alaska in April. He is 24 years old, 6 ft high, dark complexion, black hair, and weighs 185 pounds. He is an electrical engineer.

Rev James Wollastin Kirk will be at Wrangell to spend the 4th.

J. G. Grant received fifty tons of coal by the Farallon, Monday.

Mr. Frohman left by the Cottage City for Portland, Oregon.

Contractor Hamilton has the school house about completed.

Mr. J. F. Hamilton has been on the sick list again.

Forest fires in the mountains is making it very smoky.

The dry weather is making the water supply short at the mill.

Steve Chernoff and Larry Korhanin brought a caribou in on the Ragnhild.

Reid's pile-driver is about ready for business.

Tommy Cole came down from Juneau on the Cottage City.

Wrangell doesn't need any wells sunk. The people can carry water half a mile from creeks, or else go without.